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EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY JOSHUA T. RUSSELL.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE. FOREIGN.

FROM THE AMERICAN BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSION.

Extract of a letter from Mr. Wheelock to one of the editors.

Serampore, June 19th. Permit me to transcribe a part of my dairy written since I arrived, and send it to you, my dear pastor.

Calcutta, May 17th. Attended Bengalee worship this morning. After sermon brother Peters arose, and made a very fervent prayer. He is considered the best of the native preachers, has a very fine commanding voice, and obtains much attention from the natives. Between nine and ten o'clock, we went from the chapel to a Bengalee place of worship, made of bamboos and mats. Our English brethren, E. Carey, and J. Penny, accompanied us.—And here we had another meeting; which lasted nearly three hours. Four addresses were delivered, two by Carey, and two by the native brethren. Several hymns were sung, and several prayers offered. Though the speakers were barbarians to me, the meeting was highly interesting. I am quite at a loss to know how to give you any description of the place of worship, or of the assembly. I never beheld any thing of the kind before; and both are so unlike any thing of this nature in America, that I fear no language of mine can convey a correct idea to your mind. I can only say, that I believe the same gospel was preached as is preached there. The pulpit was composed of bamboos struck in the ground on a little raised spot of earth. The house would probably contain one hundred and fifty people. Sometimes it was nearly full, but perhaps in a few minutes, the number of people would be quite reduced. Many were continually passing, engaged in their worldly occupations. They frequently stopped, and listened for a few moments to what was said, made their remarks and went away. One said, "The common people do this (preach) to get their bread."—Another, "this is not right." An old woman, who has listened some time, said, "That is very true, that is very true."

June 6. Towards night I walked out with brother Penney among the native huts. They are principally built of mud and straw. One that was built by the owner's hands, entirely, to appearance, of mud looked very neat. They are exceedingly numerous and stand very close to each other. The natives are quite civil; indeed

they are remarkable for their politeness. Some of the females were much afraid of us, and ran as we approached them. It was affecting to behold their degraded condition. We went among some of the farmers! What a difference between them and our American farmers. I could scarcely believe that they were farmers. Their cattle looked very meagre, as if roughly treated, and quite small. All their cattle appear small, when compared with ours. How interesting would it be to our dear friends to walk here! what sensibilities would it awaken! O, how did I long to preach to them "the unsearchable riches of Christ!" But alas, my mouth was shut. May I soon arrive at Barmah, and commence the acquisition of their language. Several years will however undoubtedly elapse before I can direct the poor Burmans to the "Lamb of God." Brother Judson says truly, that "the thoughts of the people run into channels opposite to ours." We also went into the bazar, (market.) The noise and bustle reminded me of Boston market. Here again I have to remark, that a very striking contrast between the two was presented. I saw no meat at all. A very few little fishes, fruit and vegetables, were the principal commodities for sale. The people who sold things were seated upon a mat spread upon the floor. A view of it only, I think can give you a correct idea of the bazar.

14th. Lord's day. Spoke in the morning in the chapel; in the afternoon heard brother Ward preach in Bengalee. About one hundred of the natives were present, twenty of whom were members of the church. Evening, heard Dr. Carey deliver a most excellent sermon, text Rom. xii. 2. Received a precious letter this evening from our dear sister P. It was truly refreshing. It is another proof that our beloved friends have not forgotten us.

Tuesday, 16th. This evening received a packet of Magazines and letters from the beloved Dr. B. Never was I so affected before by a letter. It contained a hymn composed on our departure from America.—Surely it is enough to draw tears from eyes which never wept before. Ah! my dear father, my dear mother, my dear sister, and did you ever feel thus pained in parting with your unworthy Willard? But I will not ask why! Nature loudly tells me why; I am not. Could you this evening witness the tears which have copiously flowed down my cheeks, you would be conscious that I am possessed of a nature similar to your own.—But ah! While I weep for you, permit me also to weep for the poor heathen. Even now while I write, the horrid din of their musick, at this late hour, (between ten and eleven o'clock at night) strikes my ears. Thousands of them are preparing for a grand festival of Juggernaut which we expect to behold in a day or two. Let me then weep also for these wretched idolaters. And while a spark of life, or a drop of vital blood remains, let me labour for the salvation of their immortal souls. Oh! my dear pastor, how great are my obligations to God, and to you! O that this evening I could express to you the gratitude I feel. While I live I humbly trust the Lord will enable me to pray for you. I have read a good part of your Magazine, and my heart rejoices at the cheering news it contains. I have had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Rev. Messrs. Townley and Keith.—

They preach in Calcutta, and appear much engaged in the blessed cause of missions.—While America manifests so much zeal in this glorious work, may immortal blessings be continually poured upon her. May she become a “mountain of holiness and a habitation of righteousness.” How highly favoured is she already! And how highly favoured may we conclude she will be, if she continues to exert herself in the cause of God! Go on, my christian friends, go on in the work of the Lord; nor cease from your noble and glorious efforts, while one fellow sinner is ignorant of the adorable Jesus. You shall not labour in vain. God is faithful, and in the time you shall reap if you faint not. Expect not immediate success. This cannot reasonably be expected. Could you see the heathen, I am inclined to think that you would utterly despair of their conversion, did you not possess unshaken confidence in the promises of the eternal and immutable Jehovah. His word is settled in heaven. It must be accomplished. The gospel must prevail. The kingdoms of this world must become the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The period must arrive, when “the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.” O blessed era! I hail thee with delight. I lift my mournful eyes from this at present dark world, and look forward to thee with divine rapture. What cannot omnipotence perform? When it ceases to be an attribute of our God, let us then despair of the success of his cause; yes, let us then, and not till then, despair of success in his cause.

June 18th. Witnessed the awful scene—the worship of Juggernaut. Dr. Mashman calculated that there were at least 500,000 people present. As far as the eye could reach, and much farther, the ground was covered with them. It seemed as if you might walk upon their heads. A number of baskets of flowers and fruit, were brought as offerings; and, when they appeared, the people set up an universal cry of approbation.—But when Juggernaut himself was brought out, every eye was turned towards him, and every individual, as it were, was engaged in acts of adoration, and in demonstrations of joy. They put a rope round his neck and hoisted him on a high pedestal, whence he might be viewed by the surrounding thousands. The people now appeared mad, which madness increased as the Brahmins uncovered his majesty; for he was covered up with two cloths around his head; and it seemed as if he must have been smothered. After he had been exposed a while, they sprinkled him by turning water into a sort of showery bath, held over his head. And when they had well bathed him, and his wife and child, who were by his side, they annointed him; and this immense concourse dispersed. What a scene was this! Oh! that American christians could realize it. How would their hearts bleed for the poor heathen!

You will not, dear sir, cease to pray for your very affectionate,

E. W. WHEELLOCK.

FROM THE RELIGIOUS REMEMBRANCER.
EXTENSION OF GOSPEL LIGHT.

Extracts of letters from a gentleman in London, to his correspondent in this city, dated Dec. 1818.

I have the pleasure of mentioning that a Protestant Bible society has been established in Paris, and considerable interest appears to be felt in the object by the leading Protestant families there. May a divine blessing rest on this important measure, in a country where it appears to be so needed.

Accounts are lately received of the formation of a Bible society at Archangel in Russia under favourable auspices. In Odessa in the southern extremity of that vast Empire a very lively interest is taken in the object by the young people, and pecuniary means are greatly increasing. To Astrachan, another most important post. Dr. Henderson is now destined as agent of the society, that Persia may through that channel be abundantly supplied with the Bread of Life, and the surrounding countries enveloped in the darkness of mahometanism, be enlightened by the sacred scriptures.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in France to his correspondent in this city dated Dec. 1818.

Some of the institutions in Paris of a late date, are such as I know will give you great pleasure, and therefore I will mention them. A church has been opened here, in a building called the Oratorio, where a service is held every Sunday for the Americans. Young Mr. Bruer who came out with Dr. Mason, and who was my travelling companion in descending the Rhine, has come over from England to take this charge. This I consider very noble in him, more especially as he was very anxious to go home, after more than two years absence, and would have sailed in two or three days from Liverpool, where he had engaged his passage, had he not received a letter from Paris, stating that they were very much at a loss for a clergyman, and begging him to come over.

The other that I will mention is a Tract Society, to which your son has promised to become a member whenever called upon. They have already distributed some tracts translated from the English, and Mr. Bruer tells me that they are about to print "the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," and some other of H. Moore's productions.

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

REVIVAL IN ROCKAWAY, N. J.

Letter to the Editor of the Boston Recorder, from the Rev. Barnabas King, dated Rockaway. (N. Jersey) March 8, 1819.

Mr. WILLS—From the good effects which seem to result from accounts of revivals of religion, I am induced to forward an account of one which has taken place in this congregation. To us the work

appears great; especially when we consider the situation of this people ten years before. In the fall of 1807, I came to this place.—The people had been, for some time, almost entirely destitute of the means of grace. The church was reduced to thirty-five communicants; and only six of these were males. The Sabbath appeared to be almost forgotten, and iniquity of every kind abounded. Very soon, however, it pleased the Lord to pour out his Spirit upon us, like showers upon the mown grass. The attention of the people became general; and many were added to the Lord. In the course of a year the number of communicants was increased to about one hundred and twenty. The number continued about the same until the fall of 1817. In the month of Sept. a few persons were under serious impressions.—Nothing, however, encouraged much hope of a revival, until the first Sabbath in Oct. Agreeably to my stated practice, after the services in the church I attended one of the Sabbath schools, (of which there were five in the parish) and while making some remarks on the chapters to which the Bible class had been attending, I observed a deep solemnity on the countenances of both teachers and scholars. Almost every eye was bedewed with tears, every heart overwhelmed with grief. It soon appeared that this was not a mere momentary flight of passion. Most of the teachers, and a large proportion of the scholars over twelve years of age continued to be deeply anxious about the interesting concerns of their souls, until they were influenced to hope in Christ.—One of the principal teachers who had been very much devoted to the world felt himself so suddenly and powerfully impressed with a sense of guilt, that he was obliged to sit down. Expecting soon to shake off the impressions, he endeavoured to conceal them; but could find no rest, till he found peace in believing. From this time the work gradually increased until the first of January: but was chiefly confined to the teachers and scholars belonging to the Sabbath schools. The first day of January, was observed as a day of thanksgiving and prayer. It was a day long to be remembered by many, with gratitude and praise. The people seemed to hear as for their lives. Many date their first serious impressions from that day.

From this time the awakening continued to advance from one neighbourhood to another, till it became very general through the whole parish. It extended also to adjacent destitute regions, where revivals were never before known. From this time the cross of Christ seemed to triumph gloriously. The mouth of opposition was shut, and every obstacle was removed. That scripture seemed to be fulfilled, "every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain." The sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered on the second Sabbath. The preparatory lecture on Friday, was from Exod. xix. 10, 11. It seemed indeed as though the Lord did come down amongst us. While many, like Moses, had an animating view of the goodness of God, others were made to tremble like the Israelites, when they said, "Let not God speak to us, lest we die." Four persons were received to the communion of the church, and twenty-three were propounded with a view to their being receiv-

ed the second Sabbath in April. A sermon was preached from Exod. xxxiii. 16, "For wherein shall it be known here, that I and thy people have found grace in thy sight? Is it not in that thou goest with us? So shall we be separated, I and thy people, from all the people that are upon the face of the earth." The Lord was indeed with us, and we trust continues to go with us. The meetings, which were in some part of the parish every evening in the week, were crowded and solemn. No one appeared to be wholly indifferent. The largest school-house was, at times, insufficient to contain the people, and they were obliged to go to the church. No weather, travelling, or distance, seemed to be any hindrance. Females walked through storms and mud, from three to five miles. The things of religion, were, indeed, the great concern, and seemed to swallow up every other concern. Social visits and weddings were turned into conference meetings. The great inquiry seemed to be, "Men and brethren, what shall we do." The attention continued, with very little diminution, until some time in the month of May. Since that time, there have been very few cases of awakening; a few of those who were previously awakened, have gradually returned to carnal security, and some still continue to be serious. During the time of the revival, I made it my constant practice to spend two days in the week in visiting from house to house. I was generally accompanied with an elder. These visits which were wholly of a religious nature, were highly useful to myself and people. They served to bring me acquainted with new cases of awakening, and gave me a better opportunity to speak a word in season, both to the people of God, and to awakened and unawakened sinners. These visits also furnished me with a subject for the evening meeting which was generally held in the same neighbourhood. In this way I found myself paid for all my labour, and doubly paid in the gratitude manifested by inquiring souls; and afterwards abundantly repaid in hearing numbers date their first serious impressions from these visits.

There has been something peculiar in this awakening. In almost every instance the arrows of the Almighty seem to have been aimed, first at leading characters. In the different neighbourhoods these were first awakened, and this proved the means of awakening others. Several of these had been depending very much on their morality, but when their eyes were opened upon their own characters, and the character of God, they found that something very essential was still wanting. When I first spoke to one respecting the state of his mind, he says, "I am not conscious of having injured any man: but I have injured God. Alas, for me! I am undone! what shall I do?" In the loss of a father, a mother, a brother, a sister, a wife, and a child, he appeared the philosopher, but in the view of himself as a sinner against God, his soul seemed overwhelmed with sorrow, while his eyes were drowned in tears.

Another, who had trusted so entirely to his morality; that when a few months before, visited with sickness, he had no fear of death, now, when awakened by the Spirit of God, so entirely renounces all

dependence on himself, that he says, "I am afraid that my dependence on my morality is a sin which never can be forgiven. For some time he was on the borders of despair. At length, however, he found that the blood of Christ was sufficient even for him.

One who had become exceedingly inattentive to the means of grace, while sitting at the card table, and joining with others in speaking lightly of those who attended the conference meeting, was so powerfully impressed with a sense of his guilt, that he immediately left the table, went home and attempted to pray. He thought for a while, that he could not live. He saw himself every way so sinful, that there could be no hope for him but through Christ. To him he was resolved to go, and if he must perish, to perish at His feet.

A companion in the same wicked amusement, was awakened about the same time, and now seems to take much more pleasure in speaking of the things of religion, and in attending to its various duties than he ever did before in vain amusements.—The opportunities which he has as a professional character, of doing good, he improves in recommending that religion which before he accounted foolishness.

But not to be tedious in particularizing; it is sufficient to observe, that the change among the people has been so great and visible, that infidelity itself is astonished. Those who once neglected the sanctuary, and profaned the holy Sabbath, now find it better to spend a day in God's house, than a thousand in the ways which they formerly pursued. Those who once profaned the name of God, now delight in celebrating his praises. Those who lived like heathen, in regard to the worship of God in their families, now find it a good thing to shew forth the loving kindness of the Lord, every morning, and his faithfulness every night. Truly many altars are set up, on which the morning and evening sacrifice are offered up through Christ as the great High Priest.

It is worthy of remark that nearly all who had been statedly engaged as teachers in the Sabbath schools, and a considerable proportion of the scholars over twelve years old and regular attendants, have become hopeful subjects of regenerating grace.

As fruits of the revival, one hundred and thirty-four have been received to the communion of the church, and twelve stand propounded with a view to their being received next Lord's day. The Lord grant that they may be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. There is still a number who entertain a hope that they have passed from death unto life; but do not feel sufficient confidence to make a publick profession of their faith. Probably some of these will eventually be gathered in. As yet there appears to be much of the same spirit which was manifested by the subjects of the first revival under the Christian dispensation, who continued stedfastly in the Apostles' doctrines,* and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and in prayers.

*There has been a remarkable unanimity of sentiment among the subjects of the awakening.

The means which, in addition to the stated preaching of the word, appear to have been greatly blessed, are prayer-meetings, especially the monthly concert, and Sabbath morning prayer-meetings; family visitation, and Sabbath schools. In addition to these we may add the exhortations of several young men who are candidates for the gospel ministry, from Princeton. One, a member of the college, being here at the commencement of the revival was, by visiting and exhortation, instrumental in awakening a number of persons. Similar visits from others, belonging to the Theological Seminary. Though short, were evidently blessed. Our communion seasons have always left a deep impression on the minds of some. The sight of from twenty, to forty or fifty, coming out from the world, and publicly devoting themselves to God, and entering into covenant with Him, has made impressions which the cold heart of the philosopher, and the grovelling mind of the worldling could not resist.

Those neighbourhoods have been most signally blessed, where stated weekly prayer-meetings have been kept up for many years. But by the blessing of God on different means, we see the importance of giving heed to that exhortation. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or, whether they both shall be alike good."

BARNABAS KING,
Pastor of the Presbyterian church in Rockaway.

REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

In Prattsburgh. Steuben county, New York.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in that place, to his friend in this village, dated March 7.

"I cannot forbear writing to inform you of what the Lord is doing for us in this place. He is appearing in his glory to build up Zion, in the midst of us. To give you an adequate idea of the appearance in this place, would be far beyond what I can do. But you have seen a similar work, so that you can conceive what I cannot describe. The still small voice is amongst us and almost every bush is moved by the wind of the Spirit. An awakening so general perhaps was hardly ever experienced. There are here and there those that seem like the stubborn oak of the forest; but daily arrows from the quiver of the Almighty, are fastened in the hearts of the most hardened, and they are brought to bow to the sceptre of Jesus. There have been the week past, meetings every evening; but not content with that, the people have been daily with one accord in the temple, praising God. I judge there has been as many as 200 assembled in the meeting house, day after day. The school in the middle of the town is broken up, or rather turned into a prayer meeting. The youth assemble there from day to day, and spend their time in religious conversation, prayer and singing.

"Thus far I had written two or three weeks ago. Since that time the work has not been so rapid; but as I humbly hope and trust, here and there one is born into the kingdom of Christ. At the present time it is to be feared the work is on the decline: it has appeared like a heavy shower that is soon over. In view of present appearances, the church have agreed to observe to-morrow as a day of fasting and prayer to Almighty God, that he would continue the operations of his Holy Spirit among us."

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

MEMOIR OF MIRIAM WARNER;

Who died at Northampton, 21st of February, 1819, in the 11th year of her age.

It has been mentioned in some of our late numbers, that there was an unusual attention to religion in several towns in the country of Hampshire, Massachusetts. The revival has, in some places, commenced in schools; and the solicitude of children has, in many instances, been awakened to secure their salvation. Of this number, was the little girl, (not quite eleven years of age,) of whose sickness, and death, we have received the following account, from an authentick source. It so strikingly exhibits the power and efficacy of the religion of the gospel, to expand and elevate the mind, even of a child; and to fill the soul with piety to God, and benevolence to men, that we think it cannot be uninteresting to our readers.

Miriam Warner, was the daughter of Mr. Oliver Warner, of Northampton. Her parents are ignorant of any religious impressions having been made on her mind in the beginning of life, although she was unusually sedate, and always peculiarly fond of reading her Bible. She constantly attended the Sabbath school, after it was established there, and her teachers thought that she made great proficiency. Since the commencement of the present revival of religion, she was peculiarly serious, and attentive, at all the meetings she attended; and her father was so strongly persuaded that she had in truth become a little christian, that he often inquired of her mother, whether it was not so. They had no assurance from her own lips, themselves; but she told one of her companions, that on a particular day, some weeks before her sickness that she had "received comfort" (implying distress under previous convictions of sin,) "that the whole day she had been trembling all over: but when uttering these words, (in praying after school) O Lord create within me a clean heart, a voice seemed to whisper, a clean heart I will put within you; and made her perfectly tranquil." She used to go into the woods near the school-house,* every noon, with one or two of her companions, where they prayed and read together; and until the weather was too cold, they staid

*She lived in a remote part of the town.

until six at night employed in the same way. She manifested the deepest interest in the future welfare of her companions; as was exhibited on many occasions. For the last two weeks of her life, she was constant in her endeavours to benefit all with whom she had any influence, both by her conversation and letters; as her father expressed it, she seemed to feel as if she must be in haste all the time; there was so much for her to do. She dwelt very much upon the shortness and uncertainty of life; and the last time she was at school, she sung to her companions these words:

"And must this body die,
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine,
Lie mouldering in the clay."

Lifting her hand, and turning it about, as she sung "These active limbs of mine." She died on Sabbath morning, 21st of February last, of a putrid fever, after being confined to her room four days. Her reason was much impaired soon after she became ill, and most of the time she was frantick. One morning, having had a very distressing season, she fell asleep, and after a little while awoke quite self-possessed. She directly began a prayer; the introduction was very solemn and impressive; but is not distinctly recollected. After uttering these words, "O Lord teach me to come before thee with deep humility," her mind wandered. In a short time she had another interval of reason, which she employed in closing the prayer, with some sublime ascriptions of praise to the three Persons in the Trinity. Her pain and distress were often extreme, and nothing would quiet her, except some striking verse of a hymn which her father would repeat. At one time particularly, he was called to soothe her, when almost raving. He urged her to be tranquil; but she insisted, that she could not endure the suffering—he said, God will take good care of you; she directly turned to him, and replied, "will he?"

"Peace all my angry passions then,
Let each rebellious sigh,
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die."

Once when a person of her acquaintance stood by the bed side, she looked very steadfastly in his face a few moments, and said, with great emphasis, "sir, there is a throne of grace."

Copies of several of her letters, to her young friends and companions, will be given without alteration, merely leaving out the introduction and the close. The size and form of her letters, add much to their simplicity, and prove clearly that they were written without thought or study.

Extract of a letter, dated Dec. 16, 1818.

"You do not know how the Lord is reviving his work, which I humbly trust and hope he will carry through among us.

“See the kind Angels at the gates,
 Inviting us to come;
 There Jesus the forerunner waits,
 To welcome travellers home.
 There on a green and flowery mount,
 Our weary souls shall sit;
 And with transporting joys recount,
 The labours of our feet.”

“Come let us accept of the offers of mercy to-day, while it is called to-day, and not harden our hearts. Christ says with a kind and condescending voice, come now for all things are ready, for there is joy in the presence of the Angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. Come let us bow at the footstool of Jesus, and say, if we perish, we will perish there. Christ is angry with the wicked every day; be careful then, my friend, to make your calling and election sure; and press forward, lay hold on the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus. Look on the hill of Calvary, and see the blessed Jesus dying, and bleeding for poor wretched sinners, who deserved eternal damnation, had not the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, saved us. Look at your Bible, and see what Christ has done for sinners who were on the brink of eternal destruction, ready to perish for ever. I hope you will serve the Lord in this world, and the world to come, is the prayer of your unworthy friend,” &c.

To another friend, she writes, Jan. 20th.—“O my dear L. are you prepared to die, and appear before the judgment seat of Christ, and render up an account of your past life? But if you do not repent of your sins, before it is for ever too late, you will lie down in the regions of endless despair. O regard the warning voice of God before it is too late to repent, and flee from the wrath to come. Awake before the dreadful morning rise:

“That dreadful day will surely come,
 The appointed hour makes haste;
 When you must stand before your judge,
 And pass that solemn test.”

Jan. 22d, 1819.—“Never; dear L. did I address you with such feelings as I now do. O my dear friend you are engaged in religion? Do you think of your immortal soul, your precious soul? It is more precious than ten thousand worlds. Can we be stupid while others are engaged? I can say [with the Apostles, O wretched man that I am, who can deliver me from the body of this death. You must remember your Creator in the days of your youth. O flee from the wrath to come; fly to the Saviour, make the judge your friend. Sue for pardon through the blood of Christ the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of God.”

To another friend of the same date. “I hope you do not set your affections on this wicked world, but on things that are lasting and eternal. Christ says be faithful unto death, and I will give

thee a crown of glory that fadeth not away. Shall we remain stupid and secure in our sins, while all around are engaged in this glorious work? We stand on the brittle thread of life; our life is a vapour, which appeareth for a little while and then vanisheth away. Do you realize that you must die and appear before the judgment seat of Christ, and there give an account of all the deeds done in the body, whether good or bad? O let us flee from the wrath to come. Remember me at your daily intercessions at the throne of grace. You must warn your companions of their danger while out of Christ.

‘And are we wretches yet alive,
And do we yet rebel?
’Tis boundless ’tis amazing love,
That bears us safe from hell.’

“Christ says, those who will come unto him, he will in no wise cast out. O my dear L. come unto him just as you are, and plead the merits of Jesus, who died, bled, and groaned, for us, poor rebels. We deserve nothing but the wrath and curse of God.”

Feb 7th—“We had a meeting last night; it was a very solemn one; and they said we must wake up, and arise from the dead, and be engaged in the cause of our Redeemer, and be anxious for our souls before it was for ever too late. But why will we sleep on so long, and not care any thing for our souls? Why will we trifle with God’s love, and trample under foot his precious blood? God’s patience will not last always with us. God says that his spirit shall not always strive with man, poor sinful man; and why will we not turn now for now is an accepted time, now is the day of salvation. But when we come to die, then we shall see the necessity of Religion, then we shall have to take up the bitter lamentation, the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved. O let us then improve these golden moments while we have them.

‘Seize the kind promise, wait,
And march to Zion’s heavenly gates;
Believe and take the promised rest,
Obey, and be for ever blest.’

“O our never dying souls! Is it true that we have got souls which will live beyond the grave in happiness or misery for ever? It is a painful thought to be shut out for ever from the presence of God. O my soul trembles at the thought of destruction. Every idle thought and word we must give an account of at the day of judgment: that awful day when the heard-searching God will try our hearts. O how it will pain our hearts to hear that dreadful sentence pronounced to us, depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire; but to hear that sentence, which is, come ye blessed of my Father, which is softer than ten thousand instruments of musick, would gladden our hearts beyond description. Your friend, M. W.”

The following was written to her early friend. “My most dearest friend. How can a few moments glide away more pleasantly

than in writing to my dear S. O let us strive to make our calling and election sure, before the day of grace is for ever fled.

‘O what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me, I was his,
And my beloved, mine.’

“Methinks I can see my beloved Jesus sitting on the throne of love, calling and entreating sinners to come and touch the golden sceptre, and live. And shall we refuse to hearken to so dear a Saviour who came into the world and died for us poor sinners? Shall we reject him? No. Can we reject that dear and blessed Jesus? No, we cannot, it seems to me. Alas! what a painful thought to part with Jesus; how it distracts and tears my heart to part with Christ.

“Your loving friend, &c.”

There are many other letters; and the same excellent spirit breathes through the whole; but it seems unnecessary to make further quotations.

THE BIBLE WORTHY OF RESEARCH.

Having lately read an account of the pains taken, and expense incurred, in endeavouring to unfold the rolls found in the ruins of Herculaneum, and having conversed with a friend, who had exercised his skill to accomplish that object, but in vain, I was led to think of the blessed volume of inspiration, and of the amazing privilege we enjoy in these later ages of time, in having that invaluable book laid open to our view. How great the trouble that men have taken to unravel the records found among the ruins of an ancient town, and which, if they could have succeeded, would only have satisfied the curiosity of some, and fed the literary minds of a few; while the Bible is open to all, and “the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein;” yet this inestimable book, which alone contains the glad tidings of salvation, is disregarded by multitudes, and treated as if unworthy of attention.

Various methods have been tried, much expense incurred, different apparatus constructed, to open the scorched rolls, but as yet all in vain, at least as to any very important discoveries, and perhaps all future efforts will prove useless;—but blessed be God, the records of Heaven are exhibited to all who will examine them, the Holy Spirit waits to enlighten all who wish to understand their contents, and life everlasting is connected with a diligent examination into their meaning and import.

Youthful reader! make the Bible your daily study, it will well repay your pains; in it is published the most ancient history, the most accurate account of days that are past, and it contains the most sublime and beautiful language under Heaven;—indeed the language of Heaven itself!—Here you will find light for the mind, comfort for the soul, food for the spiritual appetite, support for the

afflicted, joy for the disconsolate, strength for the tempted, rest for the weary, a Saviour for the lost and ruined, and heaven for the immortal soul. O 'search the scriptures!'

'What a pearl of glory lies
Hid in the gospel field!
What a jewel of great price
Is in the word reveal'd!
Who can set its virtues forth?
How exquisite its glories are!
Its inestimable worth
What mortal can declare?"

E. M.

ORMLY LODGE, OCTOBER, 1817.

RESULT OF CHRISTIAN FAITHFULNESS.

A few months ago a man and his wife, belonging to Massachusetts, visited their friends in New Hampshire. They might, at that time have been somewhat seriously disposed; but they had no hope that they had chosen the better part, which shall never be taken away. A godly man who they visited, made some inquiry into their spiritual state, warned them of their danger, and earnestly entreated them to attend to the one thing needful. What he said appeared to be attended with a blessing to the woman so that she was led to consider the evil of her ways as a sinner. Not long after, she received comfort, as a little daughter, seven years old, read these words, *Surely God is in this place, and I knew it not.* As she disclosed her feelings and views to her husband, his mind was solemnly impressed. He soon put the question to himself—shall I charge God with injustice, in taking her and leaving me? He thought he could see that it was just in God to do as he pleased. In going to a religious meeting that evening he had great satisfaction; then the burden was removed from his mind; and christians whom he had before viewed with enmity of heart, now appeared to him very lovely. He remarked in a letter, "The whole work is of the Lord; my convictions, if ever I had any, came in a different way than I expected; and when I was brought to submit, it was in a way I never anticipated."

[Concord Observer.]

EVANGELICAL REPENTANCE.

This mourning for sin will arise from that view of its malignity and hatefulness which the Cross of Christ displays.—Yes, it is the sight of Christ dying for sin which makes us not only mourn, but be in bitterness on account of it. This mingles gall in every sinful pleasure: this saddens and confounds the guilty heart; this leads the penitent to abhor himself and repent in dust and ashes; this turns his inmost soul against all sin; this covers with shame and confusion of face: this makes him feel that it is an evil and bitter thing to sin against God, this causes him to remember and be con-

founded and never open his mouth for shame, when God is pacified towards him for all the things which he has done. These holy compunctions of soul are indeed far less powerful in the first period of a christian's repentance: but all true penitence has something of this character: and in a further stage of progress, when the sinner has been for some time under the teaching of the Spirit of grace and supplications, has again and again meditated on the cross, has fixed his heart with intense interest on the Saviour there has seen the share he had in his sufferings, and yet the pardon and reconciliation which flow from them: it is then that he indeed mourns for him, and goes out, like Peter, and weeps bitterly. Let faith place us near the cross, and when we view our dying Redeemer, must we not feel our unworthiness and misery, in exposing a person so great, so holy, so divine, so gracious, to agony and death? Can we ever forgive ourselves? Can we ever feel an indignation too intense against our crime? Can we ever feel a zeal too vehement, or a revenge too determined, against those iniquities which have pierced the prince of life? Can we conceive too vivid an impression of the guilt of sin which made such a sacrifice necessary? Can we be too much abased and confounded, when we consider our present ingratitude, coldness, and perverseness, after all the grace we have experienced? Can we be too indignant at ourselves for still harbouring and cherishing the traitors and enemies of Christ? Can we weep and lament too bitterly over those sins, or hate and detest them too deeply, which caused our Saviour to grieve, lament, and die?

[*Wilson's Sermons.*]

German Sabbath school at Cattawissa, Columbia county, Pa.

The ladies and gentleman of this town have, about last December, organized a Sabbath school for the instruction of both males and females. This school is now in a very prosperous state, there being 18 teachers and about 70 scholars. It went into operation with the above mentioned number of teachers, and about 40 scholars, but to the great delight of the managers, it has already increased to the number of seventy.

God bless all institutions that are intended to promote the welfare of the human family.

THE GRAVE OF THE YEAR.

Be compos'd ev'ry toil, and each turbulent motion,
That encircles the heart in life's treacherous snares:
And the hour that invites to the calm of devotion,
Undisturb'd by regrets—unencumber'd with cares.

How cheerless the late blooming face of creation!
Weary time seems to pause in his rapid career,
And fatigued with the work of his own desolation,
Looks behind with a smile—on the grave of the year.

Hark! the wind whistles rudely—the shadows are closing.

That enwrap his broad path in the mantle of night;
While pleasure's gay sons are in quiet reposing,
Undismay'd at the wrecks that have number'd his flight.

From your temple where fashion's bright tapers are lighted,
Her vot'ries in crowds, deck'd with garlands appear,
And as yet their warm hopes by no spectres affrighted;
Assemble to dance round the grave of the year.

O I hate the stale cup which the idlers have tasted,
When I think on the ills of life's comfortless day,
How the flow'rs of my childhood their verdure have wasted,
And the friends of my youth have been stolen away!

They think not how fruitless the warmest endeavour,
To recal the kind moments, neglected when near,
When the hours that oblivion has cancell'd for ever,
And interr'd by her hand in the grave of the year.

Since the last solemn reign of this day of reflection,
What throngs have relinquish'd life's perishing breath!
How many have shed the last tear of detection,
And clos'd the dim eye in the darkness of death!

How many have sudden their pilgrimage ended,
Beneath the low pall that envelopes their bier,
Or to death's lonesome valley have gently descended,
And made their cold beds with the grave of the year!

'Tis the year that so late, its new beauties disclosing,
Rose bright on the happy, the careless, and gay,
Who now on their pillow of dust are reposing,
Where the sod presses damp on their bosoms of clay.

Then talk not of bliss while her smile is expiring,
Disappointment still drowns it in misery's tear;
Reflect and be wise—for the day is retiring,
And to-morrow will dawn—on the grave of a year.

Yet awhile and no seasons around us will flourish,
But silence for each her dark mansion prepare;
Where beauty no longer her roses shall nourish,
Nor the lily o'erspread the wan cheek of despair.

But the eye shall with lustre, unfading be brighten'd
When it wakens to bliss in yon orient sphere;
By sunbeams of splendour immortal enlighten'd,
Which no more shall go down on the grave of a year.

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